

SMITH'S RESPITE

AND THE EXCITEMENT IT CAUSED IN FRANKLIN.

Franklin, Ga., May 28.—Yesterday was a big day for Franklin, and, considering all things, it is strange that it was free from any unpleasant casualties.

At an early hour people began pouring in from every quarter, and by ten o'clock the streets were literally packed with people.

But very few came from sections where the intelligence of the people had circulated.

Smith's letter in the Constitution, of Wednesday, had been read by but few of the town readers. When circulated among the crowd the result was almost a panic.

The turning loose of the dogs of war seemed inevitable. Smith is a bad man. He has been the chief instigator of all the trouble in northern Georgia and southern Carroll and contiguous counties of Alabama for years.

The writer has heard it repeated numerous times from the mouths of prominent officers that Smith could not be trusted in any way.

He has never known anything but treachery. The man he murdered was one of the leading men in the community, both in respectability and influence.

Numbers of men had been killed by Smith, and he had been tried for the murder of a man named Smith, who was perfectly natural, then, when the news of the respite was received and that during the trial the character of Smith's business was given to the public.

and indignation ran high. The men implicated cared but little for the assault of the condemned man, but the idea that he should assault the character of a man, who was no more than a simple citizen, was simply intolerable.

Old citizens were quickly aroused. Before 12 o'clock the demonstration to Smith's residence was in full swing.

The crowd was so large that the sheriff, who was in charge of the guard, was unable to keep the crowd from entering the residence.

When the meeting was called, the crowd surged like retreating armies, and the spacious entrance hall was packed.

After the reading of the Constitution, the public indignation was so great that the crowd, led by Smith's letter before the mass meeting, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by a packed house.

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Be it resolved by the citizens of Heard county, that they will not permit the execution of any man who has been convicted of a crime, unless the same has been approved by a majority of the good citizens of Heard county.

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AN ANGERED COMMUNITY.

The People of Shelby County Outraged at the Miscarriage of Justice.

AMERICUS, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—The people of Shelby county are outraged at the miscarriage of justice.

In 1880 some assassin killed one of Shelby's best young men, S. J. Tondoe, and suspicion and distrust were kindled.

Black men than any one else. All of us who knew Tondoe knew him to be a good man, and we were all of us who did not know him were willing to accept what others said about him, consequently we almost believed he was mean enough to do the act and with some circumstances.

Justice has said that he was the man. The case cost the county about \$2,000 and about a week's loss of time, and with our meager jury list, we have now exhausted our sources for trial again.

In the county, for every juror has been called and nine-tenths of that number have heard the proceedings of the case and formed and expressed their opinion.

guilty, either on or on the jury. It seems to me that we are apt to attempt another trial without the least hope of a just result.

The county notes have been at a discount for ten years, but would have been even at this time if the case had not come up. It will be before it can get even, and let us reflect before it is too late.

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THE DAY IN MACON.

A BIG PROJECT BEING SERIOUSLY DISCUSSED.

Capitalists Talking Draining the Macon Reservoir—Six Hundred Acres of Valuable Land Unoccupied.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—In conversation with a prominent local capitalist today your correspondent remarked that the numerous manufacturing establishments that were being built up on the Macon Reservoir would soon take up all the available land in that quarter.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "and in two years you will see that land drained out. When the new roads go in, they are going to need room for yards and depots, and they will be so crowded into that part of the city that the people, as a sanitary measure, will drain the Ocmulgee bottoms, even if a levee has to be built all along the river front."

"There is 600 acres of the finest land in middle Georgia in that reserve, that if reclaimed would be worth thousands and thousands of dollars."

"When Macon was first laid off, it was contemplated in the plan to have the city built on the new level. It was laid off from the river front, and the city was built on the new level. It was laid off from the river front, and the city was built on the new level."

"The people have carried the town the other way, leaving this land unoccupied. It is now being utilized after a very long time. Yes, sir, you will see the Macon Reservoir reclaimed, and in place of the malaria mists you will see the smoke of many tall chimneys rising from the new lands and marshes within the next few years."

"This land is far too valuable to be overlooked. It was one of E. C. Machen's pet projects, and he was long-headed when he proposed to reclaim it for a part of the land. The city council would not consider the proposition then, but it will be considered later on, when all these projected lines of roads come in here seeking a place to establish their terminal points."

THE SOUTHERN CADETS. Are Successfully Photographed—The Legion of Honor.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—The rain this morning prevented the photographing of the Southern Cadets, but after a shower the company was photographed very successfully by Black.

After this interesting ceremony took place in the morning. Each member of the legion, with the drill instructor, was presented with a beautiful "Star of the Legion of Honor," in blue enamel and gold points, with the monogram "C. S." on the front. It is understood that this legion will be fully organized and made a perpetual feature of the company.

Lieutenant T. O. Kanan was presented with the one hundred dollar prize money won at the drill, in the original package, which had never been broken.

Then the company presented him with a most magnificent sword, a Damascus blade, heavily mounted with gold, with the words: "Presented to Lieutenant T. O. Kanan by the Southern Cadets." The blade is beautifully embossed, and the sword is as pretty as can be. The lieutenant could not find words to express his feelings at the reception of these tokens of love and esteem.

The Cadets' festival comes off tomorrow evening, and will be a recherche affair.

SUPERIOR COURT. Five Pleas of Guilty—Solicitor-General Hardeman III.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—This morning on the call of the roll, nearly two dozen pleas of guilty were entered. All of the delinquents were fined ten dollars apiece.

H. S. Erwin, Bill Harris, Jim Brown and the late inmate of the jail, of larceny from the store of J. C. H. Johnson, of St. Louis, Mo. The arson cases were postponed until Friday on account of the indisposition of Solicitor-General Hardeman, who had a chill in the morning.

The jury was then dismissed until tomorrow morning.

The Moore lynchings case will come up Monday, June 6th.

The federal court, superior court and city court, all in session at once, besides the numerous justices of the peace who hold forth sporadically. The lawyers will have to hump it to keep up with the tide of dockets in all these various halls of justice.

DOTS AND DASHES. Some Epic Specials Served in Short Sentences.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—Quite a number of Macon gentlemen left for a few days at Columbus tonight.

Captain Simpson on the streets again, after a short absence, was met by a crowd of admirers. He is the author, let for New Orleans this morning. He stated to your correspondent that he would stay in Macon for a few days, from whence he would visit southern Louisiana for the purpose of making a final draft of his book, "The Battle of the Red Bank."

The jury was then dismissed until tomorrow morning.

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LINE LOCATED.

Into the City for the Georgia Southern and Florida.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—The line has been located into the city for the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad, and the surveying corps left this morning for Peckville, North Carolina.

The line will strike the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad a few miles below the city, and will run along the edge of its right-of-way into Macon.

Just below the East Tennessee shops the company owns ten acres of land, donated by the city, and here the shops will probably be located.

The location of the depot and yards has not been fully determined upon yet, but they will probably be built somewhere on the Macon reserve, in the southeastern portion of the city.

The grading force is at work in Houston, and the line is getting pretty well under way. The construction company will elect a president, and the contracts will be closed on Monday, June 6, and then the work will receive a new impetus.

ALONG RIDE. In Prospect for the Macon Bicycle Club in July.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—There is a movement on foot among the lovers of bicycle riding to get up a grand ride to Athens. The Macon Bicycle club will probably turn out in force and ride through the country to the city of universities, to attend the big wheelmen's tournament there on July 13th, 14th and 15th.

The club is doing well. It has two of Macon's popular physicians, Dr. Gibson and Dr. Gwinther, are members of the club, besides a number of other young business men.

MACON AND BIRMINGHAM. The Construction Company Being Formed for Building the Road.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—Major McFarland of the Macon, Lawrence and Birmingham railroad is in the city. He and Mr. Arthur Boardman have been canvassing actively in the interest of the construction company, and they have sold more than half the necessary stock. In a little talk with Major McFarland today, your correspondent was informed that the outlook for an early beginning on the construction of the road is very bright.

OFF TO ANDERSONVILLE. The Two Colored Companies from Macon Observe Decoration Day.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—This morning the Lincoln Greens, the oldest colored company in the state, and the Bob county Blues, the oldest in the county, observed Decoration day at Andersonville. A large delegation of negroes accompanied the military, and at Andersonville they will meet a number of people from Macon and other points, and all will join in the observance of Decoration Day ceremonies. This is the largest turnout that has ever gone from Macon.

AN OLD CITIZEN GONE. His Old Friend Keeps a Promise Made Years Ago.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—Mr. J. T. Lyles, one of the oldest and best citizens of Jones county, died at midnight last night. He and Mr. W. H. Jones, of East Macon, provided each other years ago that he who died first should bury the other. Mr. Jones purchased a handsome casket and sent it out for his old friend's funeral today.

A NEW INSURANCE AGENCY. The Old Insurance Firm of I. C. Plant & Son Sold Out.

MACON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—The old insurance agency of I. C. Plant & Son, changed hands today. Mr. George H. Plant and Mr. C. D. Hurt are the purchasers, under the firm name of Plant & Hurt. These gentlemen are experienced in the business, and thoroughly conversant with the management of insurance matters, and they will do well.

School Exhibition in Stone Mountain. STONE MOUNTAIN, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—The exhibition of Miss F. L. Wilson's school took place at Vail's hall Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The hall was densely crowded by both old and young folks. The exhibition consisted of a variety of articles, including a large number of books, and a number of other articles.

The exhibition was a success, and the school was highly complimented for the quality of the work.

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DEATH OF GENERAL SIMMS.

Covington Mourns the Loss of One of Its Best Citizens.

COVINGTON, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—General J. P. Simms is dead. Last night at about half past three o'clock he breathed his last. Mr. Simms was born in the town of Covington January 16th, 1837. Lived in Oxford during his boyhood days, was a graduate of Emory college, and soon after his graduation was admitted to the bar, and achieved much success in the legal profession. In 1861 he was called to fight for his country, which he did with as much valor and bravery as ever did any warrior upon any battlefield. His first position in the war was that of first lieutenant under Captain J. T. Henderson, who went to Savannah early in '61. In '62 he was elected captain of a company from Covington, upon the organization of the 53d Georgia. At Grice's station, Ga., he was killed. In 1864 he was elected after the battle of Sharpsburg, shortly after this, at Fredericksburg, in '62 he was made colonel, and on every occasion where he was present he was a man of great courage and bravery. He was often acting as a general, but was not commissioned until early in '65. Mr. Simms represented his county twice with distinction in the state legislature. He was a man of genuine true worth and those who knew him could not help but love him. Modest and retired in his demeanor to such an extent that many thought he never went for his true worth, but he was a lion in the cause of right and justice. His family relations were of the most congenial nature, and in every respect he was a model one. He leaves a wife, a son and daughter to mourn his loss. The burial will take place tomorrow morning.

General Simms leaves a wife and two children to mourn his death. His son, J. P. Simms, is just entering upon his military career, while the daughter, Miss Alice Simms, is one of Covington's fairest young ladies. Like every brave warrior, General Simms was a loving husband and kind father. He was an estimable man in every relation of life, a kind husband, a brave warrior, an intrepid legislator, as a lawyer, foremost in integrity and uprightness.

His loss is one which will be felt wherever he was known.

DEATHS IN DECATUR. The Children of One Family Die—Funerals of Mrs. Bridwell and Miss Scott.

DECATUR, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—Darth has been reaping a rich harvest in our town lately. Within the past few weeks the children have been taken out of the family circle of M. W. Sams—one of them, the son of Mr. Sams, Sams the other two, the son and daughter of the only children of Mr. A. J. Sams, who is well known in all over the state, the general southern passenger agent of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. In their sad affliction the bereaved families have the warm, tender heartfelt sympathy of everyone in our town.

On yesterday morning Miss Mary Scott passed away into spirit land. Mrs. Bridwell leaves a husband and several children to mourn her loss. Her funeral services were held at the Methodist church. The pastor, Rev. J. B. Johnson, conducted the services. She had been sick but a few days.

Miss Mary Scott had been sick a long time, but not considered dangerously ill until the past week. She had been a faithful and exemplary member of the Presbyterian church since early childhood, and was a devoted wife in her life, in her long suffering during her sickness, and in her death the beauty of the Christian religion. She was noted wherever known for her amiability and benevolence, and was greatly loved and revered by all who knew her. She had been spending the winter months with her brother, Colonel George W. Scott's family at this place, and during her stay there from every one of her friends and relatives, and from all who loved her, and that her many friends might pay a small tribute of respect to her memory, religious services were held by Rev. Donald Ferguson, pastor of the Presbyterian church, at the residence of Colonel Scott, yesterday evening at 8 o'clock. This morning the corpse was carried in charge of Colonel George W. Scott and Mr. G. B. Scott, to Mechanicsburg, Pa., to be buried in the family burying ground at that place.

The University Board of Visitors. ATLANTA, Ga., May 30.—[Special.]—The board of visitors, consisting of Messrs. Hooper Alexander, W. L. Parker, W. L. Bessinger, H. C. Hornsby, O. H. B. Bloodworth, Lawton Evans, and F. E. Atkinson, arrived in the city today. They will remain here until tomorrow morning. The examination papers of the senior class will occupy their time for the first few days. The board will visit the recitation rooms of every class in the college while in session here.

THE CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily and Weekly.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

THE DAILY CONSTITUTION IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, AND IS DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, OR MAILED, POSTAGE PAID, AT \$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION IS PUBLISHED ON SATURDAY, AND IS SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS AT \$1.00 PER COPY.

THE CONSTITUTION IS FOR SALE ON ALL TRAINS LEAVING OUT OF ATLANTA, AND AT NEWS STANDS IN THE PRINCIPAL SOUTHERN CITIES.

ADVERTISING RATES DEPEND ON LOCATION IN THE PAPER, AND WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS, SOUGHT FOR ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS, AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS OR CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, ATLANTA, GA.

General Eastern Agent, J. J. FLYNN, 25 Park Row, New York City.

ATLANTA, GA., MAY 31, 1887.

INDICATIONS FOR ATLANTA. Taken at 1 o'clock a.m.: Rain; warm. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee: Local rains; variable winds; warm.

RECENTLY two European novelists have been fined for putting immoral passages into their books. Strange to say, neither of them was M. Zola.

THIS is a bright day in the history of Rhode Island. The democratic legislature will meet to inaugurate the first democratic governor the little state has had in nearly thirty years.

THE Sunny South has completed the six hundredth week of its existence, and comes it fresh and lively. The last issue is clean and neat in appearance and contains a variety of interesting matter.

GENERAL LAWTON intended to sail for Europe tomorrow, but has been detained by the sickness of one of his daughters. He will probably sail on June 8th, and will be at his post in Vienna by the 20th.

ONE of the latest proposed republican tickets is: For president, Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania. For vice-president, Billy Mahone, of Virginia. This ticket has already aroused considerable enthusiasm among republican editors.

BILLY FLORENCE, the genial actor, has been black-balled by the Union club of New York. We hope Mr. Florence does not feel badly. We assure him that the people think he is just as nice a man and just as good an actor as he was before.

ACCORDING to the books we are considerably ahead in our accounts with the rest of the world. During the year ended April 30th we exported \$52,560,250 more than we imported, which is \$12,000,000 better than we did the year before.

SENATOR VEST's physician has ordered him to take a rest. What a pity it is that the senator did not consult this learned leech on the evening before he sat up so late at John Chamberlain's and talked so volubly about President Cleveland's intentions.

THE Utica Observer observes: "Colonel Lamont's address for several years to come will be 'Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.'" Yes. If the colonel sticks to Grover Cleveland it is safe to send his mail to the above address until the 4th of March 1893.

PHILADELPHIA, Chicago and Boston have placed a woman officer in every police station to take care of female prisoners. This is one of the prison reforms which is demanded by every consideration of justice and decency, and it is one which any city can afford.

MRS. CLEVELAND is a great favorite with the Washington correspondents. She refers to them as "the boys," the sobriquet which they like best. When she stepped on the train the other day she threw a kiss to "the boys" and tickled forty-seven noble hearts with this one sweet gesture.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD was recently asked what he took to be the best standard of pronunciation. In reply he passed over all the dictionaries, all the learned doctors, and all the college professors, and all the actors, and said: "The best authority is the usage of well-bred women." Bonquets may be sent to the poet's regular London address.

SENATOR STEWART, of Nevada thinks one of the worst features of the interstate commerce act is that it forbids passes to congressmen. The senator says every congressman should be provided by law with a railroad pass good all over the country, and should be compelled to travel at least five thousand miles a year to learn something of the country for which he is legislator.

IN the opinion of the New York Tribune Boulanger has not yet won all the spurs he is disposed to wear. The Tribune says: "The French people have not had a general since Chanzay died. They think they have found one in Boulanger, and whether they are right or wrong will not be known until a campaign is fought. But he is a great organizer. A Carnot is not a Napoleon—and they will be uneasy if he be turned out of the war office. Boulanger will probably remain on guard, but he will not have so much money to spend as formerly."

THE Darien Gazette pays this high compliment to a distinguished young Georgian, every word of which is deserved: "Hon. F. G. DuBignon, standing as he does at the very head of his profession in this state, and the intellectual peer of any man in the south, has made for himself in every sphere of his life, a reputation such as might be sought for by any man, and if reached will be a matter of pride to himself and his fellow-citizens. It is of such men as F. G. DuBignon that a people should make congressmen and high state officers, and we predict for this able gentleman high honors in the near future. Mr. DuBignon would make the state an able congressman, in fact, for any office, either state or national, he is eminently fitted."

THE fate of the "swallowtail" is in doubt. When Mr. Garland went into the cabinet he was asked if he meant to stick to his senatorial contempt for this curious garment. He promptly replied that he would not accept any office which would compel him to wear a swallowtail. Now the Philadelphia Press, whose editor is one of the most pronounced dudes in the country, raises the black flag against the "swallowtail." This editor says:

"There can be no doubt but what fashion has established some arbitrary arrangements of the dress that are not in conformity to the comfort of the individual nor conducive to the elegance of the wearer. Why the dress coat was ever invented is one of those hidden mysteries of life of which even a Sphinx must be obliged to confess ignorance. The lost feeling one has after donning these abbreviations is only counterbalanced by the pleasant thought that he may be mistaken for the waiter, and there can be but little doubt that eventually they will be relegated entirely, as a distinctive dress, to that class of individuals."

OVER ninety-five thousand men are out of work in the United States, because of strikes and lockouts. This means a loss of about \$200,000 a day to the wage earners of the country. Nearly one-half, or 39,700 of these idle men are those connected with the building trades at Chicago and vicinity. There are 13,000 coke burners, 8,700 stove molders, 4,000 furnace men, 2,000 coal miners, 2,400 brewery employees and 24,000 miscellaneous workers idle. This is less by more than one hundred thousand of the number of men idle at the beginning of May, 1886; but the strikes of last May were only short lived, while those of the present promise to be long continued.

A Four Million Dollar Verdict. Just before it adjourned the supreme court of the United States rendered a decision which will involve the payment of about \$4,000,000 by the people of several states to one firm. About fifteen years ago suits were begun in several federal courts to determine the proprietary right to a patent for boring wells. A man named Green, living in Boston, had invented a method of driving or boring wells in a short time and at a small cost. The patent became very popular and rights to its use were sold in the various states.

Several claimants to this valuable patent appeared and began to sell it through the country. Suit was brought in the federal courts and various parties appeared as plaintiffs and defendants. The course of such litigation is always slow, but somehow in this case it dragged to an unusual length. The final decision has just been made, fourteen years after the first bill was filed. The supreme court has established the validity of the Green patent. The patent had expired before this decision was rendered, but the parties or their heirs who bought rights from the inventor are entitled to recover a royalty of \$10 for each of the "driven wells" in use in their territory. Mr. Green, the inventor, is living in Boston, and is very poor. He sold most of the territory of the United States at small prices, but has retained the rights for New England. His brother owns the rights for New Jersey. Mr. F. O. Bennett, a book-keeper in New York, controls the patent in Ohio. The largest and most valuable claim, however, is that of the Andrews Brothers. They own the right in the states of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky, Arkansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, also in the District of Columbia and in Utah, Dakota, and the Indian Territory. It is estimated that there are in this territory about 400,000 wells constructed under the Green patent. The decision of the supreme court will give the Andrews Brothers a right to collect \$10 on each of these wells, making a total of \$4,000,000 which they may demand from the people in their territory.

Of course it will be impossible for them to collect in a great many cases, but out of such an enormous claim they ought to be able to scrape up enough money to enable them to go to the springs this summer.

Shut Out But Not Crushed. During the session of the Southern Presbyterians at St. Louis a W. C. T. U. delegation desired to be heard. The ladies met Dr. Hollifield asked if they expected permission for women to speak in church. He was informed that as they were not children or inferiors they expected it. The doctor then said something about St. Paul.

Mrs. Merriweather, however, was fully equal to the occasion. She told the doctor that she loved and revered St. Paul, and thought that he did exactly right in telling the women of Corinth to keep silent in the churches, as they were doubtless an ignorant giggling set. But it should be borne in mind, she said, that St. Paul loved Priscilla, who was an eloquent preacher, travelling with him, and expounding the scriptures to mighty preachers who became even mightier after her expounding.

A dazed look came over Dr. Hollifield at this unexpected turn, but as the W. C. T. U. departed he stonily said: "Never will I consent to let a woman speak in my church."

He was a very rash man. The words were hardly out of his mouth before a W. C. T. U. delegate whirled around. "Brother," she said, "the incoming tide of progress is rolling in. Your little Parthenon broom can't sweep it back. Farewell, it will bear you onward, despite yourself, farewell!"

Parson Hollifield succeeded in shutting the ladies out, but they were not altogether unhappy. They had the last word.

How to Suppress It. The Washington Post is in a state of nervous excitement over the practice of carrying revolvers on the streets. It clamors for the suppression of the concealed weapon nuisance, because it is dangerous and useless.

There is one way to accomplish the reform demanded by the Post. Make it a penal offense to manufacture or sell pistols.

Perhaps our contemporary is not prepared to go so far. Why not? Our suggestion is directly in the line of the precedents established in our legislation concerning other evils. In prohibition districts, for instance, it is not unlawful for a man to drink whisky. We simply make it a penal offense to sell it, and, in some places, to manufacture it. Let us apply this method to the matter of concealed weapons, and get after the man who makes or sells a pistol, instead of making it hot for the poor devil who carries it. The suggestion is at least worth considering.

How Protection Ruins Farmers. Quite recently the Courier-Journal, arguing in favor of free-trade, made a statement to the effect that the farmers of Pennsylvania—a state that is enjoying the benefits of protection to a greater degree than any other—are in a very desperate condition. This was made the basis of a tremendous attack on the tariff, in which the Robber Barons receive a severe basting.

But here comes the statistician of the agricultural department at Washington, Mr. J. B. Dodge, and says that according to the last census the aggregate value of the farm lands are \$50 an acre—\$1,000,000,000, or about one-tenth of the farm valuation of the United States. These farms are owned

mainly by those cultivating them, and yield a product worth \$431 for each person engaged either as farmer or laborer.

Mr. Dodge says that the source of this prosperity is to be found in the local markets of the state; and he adds that probably no other state is more nearly self-supporting, and perhaps none that depends on other states or other countries so little either in buying or selling products of agriculture.

Here is the whole matter in a nutshell—the argument and its application. The farm lands in Pennsylvania are valuable, and the results of farm labor are profitable because the farmers have home markets. The industries of Pennsylvania have reached a high state of development. Every community, every town, every city in the commonwealth is honeycombed with manufacturing, and thus the farmers have a profitable market at their very doors.

In spite of all this, the free-traders will continue to declare that protection is ruining the farmers of Pennsylvania. Our hope is that the farmers of Georgia will be ruined to the same extent.

Memorial Day. Yesterday in all sections of the United States the graves of the men who died in the union armies for the cause they believed to be right were covered with flowers. The blossoms of Maine and California, the roses of Georgia and the jasmims of Louisiana were laid upon these graves, and at nightfall every national cemetery over which the stars and stripes waved had received this beautiful tribute. This anniversary has hitherto been generally known as Decoration Day.

The term was not so appropriate or so full of meaning as that chosen by the women of the south for a similar anniversary, which they called Memorial Day. It is probable that henceforth the north, as well as the south, will use this better name. General Fairchild, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued an address reminding the members of his order that there is no such occasion recognized by their rules and regulations as Decoration Day. He says it is Memorial Day and urges the Grand Army men to habitually use that name.

This suggestion has been well received by the northern press and popular usage in both sections will probably adopt the same title for the days on which the memory of the heroes who wore the gray and the heroes who wore the blue is annually to be honored.

The adoption of this common name should be a prophecy of the common pride and the courage and heroism of the brave men who fell on either side of our unfortunate war, and the beginning of the final burial of all sectional bitterness.

A Small Man's Big Job. Colonel C. Chaille-Long has been before the public long enough to require no introduction.

For sometime past the colonel has been engaged in trying to convince the world that Chinese Gordon was a crank, that Livingston was a bad man, and that Stanley is a humbug. Any puff of an African explorer brings the colonel to the front in a rage. He has written scores of articles to prove that Livingston was never lost, but was merely hiding from his wife, and that he was not found by Stanley because others knew his whereabouts. He claims that Emin Pasha is not in any danger, and that Stanley's present expedition is only a British ruse to steal more territory.

It will be recollected that Chaille-Long was made so furious by the eulogies over Gordon that he wrote columns about the Christian soldier's brandy drinking habits and his general crankiness. He stubbornly refused to credit the report of Gordon's death, and for a long time expressed the belief that he had made his way to a place of safety. The colonel is determined to pose as a soldier of fortune and an explorer himself, and he will brook no divided honors. But he will find it a hard matter to write down such men as Livingston, Gordon and Stanley. The public verdict concerning these three men has been rendered, and it cannot be set aside by the envious vapors of Colonel C. Chaille-Long.

John Sherman. For a real nice man, Mr. George William Curtis has a long and a strong stomach. A rickard republican editor recently described him as "the mother superior of the mugwumps," but this description is insufficient.

At a club dinner recently, Mr. Curtis declared that John Sherman is "about the purest and ablest man in public life." This is supposed to be very significant, and was probably intended to be so, but if the mugwumps can take Sherman they need not protest against Blaine. Sherman is crafty and calculating, but the record he has made is even blacker than Blaine's. As the organizer of the whisky pool in 1864, "Honorable" John is said to have made a very handsome thing. He organized the pool, so it is said, and then rushed to Washington to vote for a bill that would enrich himself and his partners.

But the blackest chapter in Sherman's career is his connection with the presidential steal of 1876. He made his record in New Orleans, while playing the part of visiting statesman, and it is a very ugly record, and will be shown if the republicans undertake to make him president.

It is a sad fact that, under his clothes, "Honorable" John Sherman is as stark naked as Brother Blaine.

Heard County's Complaint. The residents of Heard county seem to have been unduly aroused by the governor's repulse of John W. Smith, the murderer who was to have been hanged last Friday.

In the resolutions adopted at Franklin on Friday last Governor Gordon is severely criticized for his action in delaying, even for so short a time as twenty-one days, the hanging of Smith. These resolutions were adopted in a moment of excitement. The sober second thought of the people who inspired these resolutions will show them that the governor's action in refusing a commutation of Smith's sentence, and even in granting to the doomed man a short respite, should be approved instead of condemned.

The suggestion that THE CONSTITUTION has at any time reflected upon, or done injustice to, the people of Heard county, seems uncalled for. THE CONSTITUTION has endeavored to treat the case throughout with utmost fairness. No reflection was made upon the people of that county, and certainly none was intended.

A Boston paper remarks that a woman never faints until she knows that a man is ready to catch her in his arms. Now if man was a politician or diplomat by profession he would never faint until a woman was close by to catch him.

A CHINESE politician is named Prince Li. If American politicians were similarly named, honest people would have no trouble in understanding the situation.

It appears that the theological south will not be reconstructed. Perhaps this is as it should be. Ten thousand years from now there will be no trouble on this score.

THE divorce business appears to have been transferred from New England to Philadelphia. This is an industry that New England can well afford to lose.

It is said that the mugwumps are about to nominate little Dory Goosemelt for president. It is by such wild-cat schemes as this that the mugwumps demonstrate their right to be.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

SIR WILLIAM GULL got £200 a year for feeling the queen of England's pulse. When she was changed of air her majesty says: "I will see Gull."

LEROY PAYNE went to Chicago in 1875 with a few thousand dollars. He is now tramping it through the state of Illinois. Ah, no; he rides in a \$600 chariot, and is driven by a \$200 coachman.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, at a recent London art dinner, remarked that he did not believe in speeches, but in a "well filled and pregnant pause of silence." He then proceeded to speak for an hour and a half.

PRINCE SELIM EPRENDI, the Sultan's eldest son, is to be in London during the jubilee. We do not know how much married Prince Selim may be, but there cannot be a doubt that he would receive a welcome in Massachusetts.

MR. LAWRENCE, of Truth, is easy in his religious views. "It is a matter of indifference," he says to him, "whether the place of worship which he attends has a particular number of candles in a certain portion of it, or none at all."

LORD LYTON'S TEETH PRINTS. As to the Cannibalistic Charge That He Took to Eat His Lady.

Letter in London Truth.

The article in last week's Truth about Lady Lyton is very interesting, but I should be sorry to believe any startling story, related by her, unless it were corroborated in a satisfactory way. I can tell you an opportunity of doing so. Lady Lyton was a series of amateur performances of Lord Lyton's play, "Not So Bad as We Seem," took place at Devonshire house in aid of the egyptian fund, and I had the honor to be one of the principal performers, and Lady Lyton demanded an interview with him in order that he should hear her charges against her husband, so that he might have an opportunity of judging whether she was or was not a character to be at the head of such an enterprise. Lady Lyton saw Dickens at Tavistock house, so far as I remember, and she laid great stress on the story of her husband making his teeth meet in her cheek which story is not found in this new book, and it is copied into Truth. Dickens simply asked Lady Lyton to allow him to see the mark in her cheek, on which she seemed confused, and then was obliged to confess that there was no mark. Dickens politely closed the interview, and he afterwards said that if Lady Lyton's "crack story" were untrue (and there must have been a permanent mark if her husband's teeth had met in her cheek) it was impossible to believe her character to be at the head of such an enterprise.

When the queen went to Devonshire house to see Lord Lyton's play there was much consternation among those who were behind the scenes, as it was known that several tickets had fallen into the hands of Lady Lyton, who had intimated to her friends that she proposed making an appeal to her majesty between the acts. Field, the great detective of those days, was summoned to Devonshire house, and he undertook to prevent Lady Lyton from entering the theatre, and he went away directly that she finds that I am in earnest," he said, on which Lady Lyton exclaimed, "in deep and tragic voice," as Dickens said, "My dear new book, I have been so long going away, and nobody can make her go away if she is resolved to stay." Lady Lyton, however, abandoned her intention at the last moment, so the expected scene did not take place; but she had given her husband a good lesson, and she had from the moment he had heard of her plan he anticipated the royal visit with a perfectly sickening apprehension.

Scene in New York Shops. From the Philadelphia News.

A fan 14 feet long.

A pair of breeches, 25 cents.

One-tenth of five foot six inches.

A pocket knife with sixteen blades.

A silver-plated tarpon 6½ feet long.

Thirteen dolls dancing around a Maypole.

A wheel that turns so fast it seems to stand still.

A fiasco corset worth \$40. It is made entirely by hand.

A thirty button kid glove. It is fastened at the shoulder.

A pair Valenciennes hose, with lace fronts, \$18 a pair.

A steam engine that draws its own water and consumes its own smoke.

A bird cage with brass fender to prevent seed from falling on the floor.

Two heads of horses and a pair of pigeons sketched with a sewing machine.

A pair of elephant's tusks that measure 7 feet 8 inches and weigh 270 pounds.

A 500 dross in broadcloth, velvet and lace. Nine green in train. It was made by Pinchou, of Paris.

A sponge measuring 10 feet in circumference when wet. Another one as small as a bullet.

Had to Protect Himself. From the Omaha Herald.

Judge—You were arrested for carrying concealed weapons. Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—Not guilty.

Judge—You had a revolver in each hip pocket?

Prisoner—Did.

Judge—And a knife in your boot?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor.

Judge—A Stung shot in your sleeve?

Prisoner—All true, your honor.

Judge—Yet you plead not guilty? I fine you \$500.

Prisoner—But, your honor, I am a temperance lecturer, and about to visit Iowa, and—

Judge—Fine remitted.

TOBACCO AND THE EYES. An Optician Believes Smoking is Making This a Nation of Spectacle Wearers. From the New York Mail.

"Cigarette smoking is doing more injury to the eyes than anything I know of," said an optician recently to a reporter for the Mail and Express.

"Smoking pipes or cigars is bad enough, but there is something in the paper with which the cigarette is rolled that is very injurious to the eyesight. There are more men and boys wearing glasses now than there ever have been before, and attribute it all to excess in tobacco smoking. Nine out of ten Germans wear spectacles. They are inveterate smokers."

Florida is Waiting Now. From the Judge.

Henry (softly)—Florence, do you think you could leave your happy home and loving friends and go to Florida with me, my dear, my dear, my dear, who has no wealth save his profession? (A pause.) I'm waiting, Florida.

Florence (tenderly)—Yes, Henry, I think I could.

Henry (with a sigh of relief)—Well, I'm right glad to hear you say that. You see, my friend Joe is going west, and wants to marry; so I'll just mention your case to him.

SHE KEEPS FIFTY DOGS.

The Curious Case of a Cultured but Eccentric Lady. From the New York Journal.

The eccentric wife of Captain Black, the chief defender of the anarchists, keeps fifty pet dogs in her mansion at Park Ridge, on the North-western road, says the Chicago Herald. Most of the dogs are Newfoundland, St. Bernard, or mixtures of these breeds, and there are about a dozen Newfoundland puppies which have not as yet been named. All of the dogs are under the care of a wrinkled old German named Garguier, who once had charge of the kennels of a German nobleman. He lives with the dogs and sleeps with them.

A young man named Losier is the carpenter, and some idea may be formed of the expense Mrs. Black incurs in keeping her canine family when it is stated that he is employed for nothing else than to repair the fences, kennels and buildings which the dogs destroy.

"Those dogs will eat a hole right through the side of a house," says Mr. Losier; "they ate a hole through a door one night—they will eat anything. Take a good deal of stuff to feed them? You think so if you had to pay the bills for a week or two. They eat two or three boxes of bread a day, a half barrel of meat, besides biscuits, crackers, ketchup. They are well fed. Mrs. Black won't stop for expense when it comes to feeding her dogs. They get soup twice a week regularly. All the dogs are poor now, but that's because of the dry weather. Dogs don't flourish in such dry weather. We have been having rain, and we have no pond here for them to get to. There's one or two black cats, but we are afraid to take them over there any more since so many threats have been made."

From a large woman, married in black, with her short, curly hair waving back of her head as if the wind were constantly blowing in her face, comes out in the yard. Round her are 20 or 30 dogs, delighted to kiss her hand or even to lick the hem of her garments. Mrs. Black calls her dogs by name and throws them food, but even in their mad rush for biscuits they are not unmindful of her words of command. It is obvious that Mrs. Black loves her dogs, and that they love her.

"These are my children," she says, standing surrounded by Newfoundland and St. Bernard of all ages and sizes, and with her hand resting lovingly upon the fine head of old Rover, who stands close by her side. "I have a great affection for them all, with one exception. 'Jack, the Tramp,' we call him—come here, Jack—dropped in on us one day, homeless and hungry. We have kept him ever since, and think just as much of him as if he was a member of the family. With one exception my dogs are all harmless creatures. See the baby at the window? That's my sister's baby, and all these dogs love her dearly. We could place that baby right out here in the yard, and the dogs would play with her all day and never harm a hair of her little head."

"It is my purpose to see what can be done in the way of utilizing dogs to furnish power for running sewing machines and such things in the house, is it, Mrs. Black?"

"Yes, I am only awaiting a more favorable opportunity to make some experiments in that direction. Just now I am bothered more by the problem how to keep my dogs than how to use them. It is a fact that they are living in a state of siege here. The neighbors have made so many threats to say that they would do with pistols and guns that we fortify our castle every night. In each room we have a dog, and we have from two to three dogs on guard. This also accounts for the bad appearance of our place at this time."

Mrs. Black is certainly a remarkable woman, an able writer and a remarkable conversationalist. She has already delivered several discourses in the pulpits of two churches in Park Ridge, and has an ambition in the direction of the ministry. She has no children, having lost the six born to her, but now rearing an adopted boy.

Her mother raised six adopted children. Mrs. Black's father was a prominent lawyer in Texas, and commanded a brigade in the confederate army. It was during the war, when Captain Black was in Texas as a union soldier, that their first meeting took place, amid romantic circumstances. Mrs. Black still owns in her own right a family landed estate which is the fourth largest in the state of Texas.

She Had Not Half Used the Checks. From the Chicago Tribune.

A Chicago bank man who has a lovely wife told a pretty good story at his club the other day by the way of illustrating the proverbial ways of women. She had said to him, "Dear, now I'm not going to ask you for an allowance; that is vulgar. You put a couple of thousand in bank to my credit, give me a check book and I'll run the house, clothes, pay the servants and relieve you of so much care."

The gentleman was struck with the idea. "After all," he said to himself, "this marriage scrap I've got myself into promises to pan out. Dear, good little woman! Her thoughts were, 'Why, of course!'" So he drew a check on his own bank, deposited it in another bank to his wife's individual credit, and gave her a separate bank and check book. Woman like she tossed the bank book into a drawer, but held religiously to the check book. Long before the month had expired she got a notice from the bank that her account was exhausted and the last check had overdrawn it \$17.75. "Would she kindly make a new deposit?"

The lady was in a furious frame. There must be something wrong, she knew. She pored over her check-book, counted the stubs and the blank checks, and then she knew that the bank had made a blunder. She demanded her new check-book and her separate bank, and full of the spirit of the occasion and the outrage of the bank's insult sailed into the cashier's office.

"What does this notice mean?" she asked in a voice quivering with passion. "It means that your account is overdrawn, madam, that's all."

"It is not, sir. My husband gave me this check-book, and you see yourself out of the hand of a good little woman! Her thoughts were, 'Why, of course!'" So he drew a check on his own bank, deposited it in another bank to his wife's individual credit, and gave her a separate bank and check book. Woman like she tossed the bank book into a drawer, but held religiously to the check book. Long before the month had expired she got a notice from the bank that her account was exhausted and the last check had overdrawn it \$17.75. "Would she kindly make a new deposit?"

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